The wife I chooſe, there can be no euaſion,
To blench from this and to ſtand firme by honor,
We turne not backe the ſilkes vpon the marchant
When we haue ſoild them, nor the remainder viands,
We do not throw in vnreſpectiue ſiue,
Becauſe we now are full, it was thought meete
Paris ſhould do ſome vengeance on the Greekes.
Your breth with full conſent bellied his ſailes,
The ſeas and winds (old wranglers) tooke a truce:
And did him ſeruice, hee toucht the ports deſir'd,
And for an old aunt whom the Greekes held Captiue,
He brought a Grecian Queene, whoſe youth and freſhneſſe,
Wrincles *Apolloes*, and makes pale the morning.
Why keepe we her? the Grecians keepe our Aunt,
Is ſhe worth keeping? why ſhee is a pearle,
Whoſe price hath lanſh't aboue a thouſand ſhips:
And turn'd crown'd Kings to Marchants,
If youle auouch twas wiſdome *Paris* went,
As you muſt needs, for you all cri'd go, go,
If youle confeſſe he brought home worthy prize:
As you muſt needs, for you all, clapt your hands,
And cry'd ineſtimable: why do you now
The yſſue of your proper wiſdomes rate,
And do a deed that neuer fortune did,
Begger the eſtimation, which you priz'd
Richer then ſea and land? O theft moſt baſe,
That wee haue ſtolne, what we do feare to keepe.
But theeues vnworthy of a thing ſo ſtolne:
That in their country did them that diſgrace,
We feare to warrant in our natiue place.

Enter Caſſandra rauing.

Caſſ. Cry Troyans cry:
Priam. What noiſe? what ſhrike is this?
Troy. Tis our madde ſiſter I do know her voice,
Caſſ. Cry Troyans. *Hect.* It is *Caſſandra!*
Caſſ. Cry Troyans cry, lend me ten thouſand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetick teares.
Hect. Peace ſiſter peace.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Troilus and Cressida* (STC 22331) LONDON, 1609 THE BR